



Lots of new talent this issue. At least, new to the pages of *247*. Robert Finn contributes the surprise feature of this issue, an interview with Isaac Asimov is part of writer, I think. I ran into Bob at the last luncheon, and he remarked that he'd interviewed The Geek Doctor for his school paper, *The Georgia Sentinel*. I promptly persuaded him to do a version of said interview for *247*, and I'm happy to report that he is heading nicely. This also marks the first interview to appear in *247*, but I will be glad to see more of this type of thing, preferably in greater depth. Being a fan fiction site, *247* is obviously interested in the workings of the pro writer's mind.

I'm afraid I know very little of Ronald E. Gilbert, as this particular piece of art was forwarded to me by Seth Bogranjian as part of a package of studies from his Fan Art Drawing Classes. Dave Taylor is a friend of Ed Roscoe's, heard from Ed that *247* was a good site to contribute to. Thanks, Ed.

And William McSwiley's strip, which I've been rescheduling from issue to issue since about #10, when I received it, finally makes its appearance. Part of the problem, Bill, was that in my new format it became increasingly difficult to reserve 6 pages in the middle of the size, and your originals were actual size, so that I couldn't match them against my regular reduced pages. Finally, I hit on the idea of turning the pages sideways, two to a page. It doesn't look that bad, I think, and reduction always tends to improve artwork.

It might be noted that I am always in the market for comic strips. Since Al Berish has virtually retired to the cluttered halls of knowledge, I am dependent on rare outside contributions. Next issue will feature a Charlie F Smith comic strip, but if I don't start getting stuff after that I may not desperate and drive one speed. After all, if Frank Robbins can get away with it in *Starline Comics*...

This issue also marks the debut in *Space and Time* of David Dickinson, with his "Twilight Zone," a kind of PostWorld War III love story, with perfectly complementing illustrations by Dany Frelich. You regular readers will notice that I've begun running longer stories, substituting quality for quantity. You'll also notice my own contributions are rapidly diminishing. I have so much fantastic fiction in my files now, it seems a shame to hold it up any longer than I have to. It's not fair to the reader, and it's especially not fair to the contributor. After all, I can run my stories any time. Besides, not giving my stories for publication in *247* may give me the incentive I need to try to break into the ranks of pro-scifi.

But I'll more likely just put it off again. I'm basically a coward.

John Long



JOHN LAMER'S CONTRIBUTIONS

Harold Silverstein	Dan Osterman
David Dickinson	Ted Pauls
Robert Finn	Alex Gersjak
Dary Prellis	Darrell Schweitzer
Arnold S. Silver	Charlie T. Smith
Al Swenier	Dave Taylor
William McCreary	Robert Weinberg

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Come, come, and dance with me
Then we'll whittle away the hours
Making love while our hearts are free -
Among the fields of flowers

--OLD SAILOR

1

Summer came and fell on them, and broadened into the first few months of fall. Yet they did not wake. But their dream went ever forward, growing fuller and more beautiful in the passing. And though their sleep was fitful, the joys of all their days were sufficient compensation.

He was Alpha and Omega, Ying and Yang, Rosset and Othello. He golden haired wanderer between worlds, mover of mountains, guardian of the crystalline shores. Once he had been known as Dionysus, now he called himself Tom, for he was a man now with sixteen summers behind him. Besides, he liked being called "Tommy."

And She, who had once been Helen, and before that the pale Mistress Diana; she, who walked the waypaths of history, and who had (it was whispered) slept with Death. She caused the rain and brought forth the snow, for she was called "Snow," which means "Earth Mother." How doubt it? They laugh at you, You do not suffer, nor does what you think. They are the last two left in the world.

Somewhere, in some brief stretch of time, the world came, and was, and passed away - lost in a brilliant red flash that came in blurred and painful impressions across the shattered fragments of their minds. Both their parents had worked at the Nuclear Sub-Station at Santa Fe; and long ago, in some other life, two children had stumbled into the reactor room quite by mistake. The children survived, and when the war came they were the only ones to survive, so far as they knew. It once occurred to her that their survival had something to do with tolerance, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. They learned that as they held the scarred and swollen bodies of their parents in their arms. And so they retreated; as they advanced; directions became meaningless and time stood still for the eternal gaze. They played it to the fullest.

The tall, dark man's eyes swept over the center crowd assembled before the platform. From the distance, and through the cold white rain, all the faces seemed to merge into one, and he contemplated this as he put his right hand to his throat, pulled his speech out of his pocket, and began to talk.

"Four score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought forth upon this continent," he continued into the speech, bringing them up, taking them down, tying all the myriads of expression and eye contact

TWILIGHT GAMES

by Daniel Dickinson

In order to gain their attention and inspire their thoughts.

When he had finished, the applause was only sparse.

Agulston put his hand in his shirt and screamed out to the soldiers, waving to take Veterans and be in Brussels by nightfall. This time the crowd cheered enthusiastically. Tom was learning something about politics.

Susan, who had been playing the crowd, came up to him and called seductively: "Why, Mr. Lincoln?" Scarlett began, "won't you just" the speaker, what with your manly voice an all! "Why don't you just" come along with us right now and join us at home? Father he holds a ball tonight and I just know he and Adeley would be just powerful glad to make your acquaintance."

"But, Miss Scarlett," Abe spotteder shyly, holding his wineglass in his hands and kicking the pebbles at his feet with the tip of his boot, "the war."

"Oh, howardash! You boys and your silly wars! Why, it'll wait. Mr. Lincoln...on the other hand, we must grasp life while we can."

Abe did.

"Why, Mr. Lincoln?"

There stood on a lush green plain which once, in ancient times, belonged to the Indians. The long gray walls and marble pillars stood silent in the twilight as Scarlett and she walked hand in hand down the corridors.

"Did you know," Scarlett called, casually waving a well-directed hand, "that this grand and fine plantation, and even this magnificent mansion itself, once belonged to the Indians?"

"Oh," Abe remarked, only winking slightly as his fingers probed down for her bra strap.

"Yes indeed, it did!" She turned to face him. "Aha," a long time and a longer bag later, she looked at him significantly. "Yes," she stated, catching her



breath. "In their native language they called it the Taj Mahal!"

Abe stood stolidly silent. Then, like an eruption, his face convulsed with laughter.

"Fussy Wussy wasn't Fussy was he? You broke character first! My point!"

"You!"

Susan laughed merrily and ran down the marble hall and dove into the long marble pond. Tom followed her, laughing. Together, they swam through the cool sunset hours, and, crawling up on the marble sidewalk, they made love far into the night.



11

Morning came on slender ankles, and filled the sky with redness. For a long moment they waited for the priest to start the morning prayers, but he did not come. There were some things even they could not conjure up. Taking the stoic recreation unit out of their hovercraft, they ate a leisurely breakfast of vicinially reconstructed nutrients, prepared, as it were, by shooting simple organic into the hopper, and receiving, by instantaneous nuclear extraction, the beneficial nutrients in the form of tasteless cubes. After breakfast, Tom cleaned out the machine with care. If they were careless, it would land them a lifetime.

After breakfast, they again wandered the halls and steps of the Taj Mahal, lost in memories, molder thoughts, and anticipations.

Susan studied his features. "What are you thinking about?"

Cassius turned to stare down the hallway. "The die has been cast."

Flicking up her face, Susan touched his straight blond hair. "You had?" Bending down, she tickled him. "Where next, my honey bright?"

"Where the sea is restless," Tom said darkly, "and there is no light!"

Susan drew closer. "Annoyance," she whispered, thrilled at the idea.

"Well," Tom averted his eyes. "I actually meant Portugal."

"Portugal!" What do you mean, Portugal?"

"I - ah..."

"And while we're on the subject, what about this 'no light' business, anyway?"

"Positor," he sought escape. "I mean - how come on, isn't he so uncooperative - is? he a great guy!"

"I'll bet!"

Susan remarked sarcastically.

The champagne opened slid down the hall seductively, echoing down the castle's corridors and into the brilliant sunset. Elizabeth sat at her table, hurriedly composing a last few lines before he arrived. The footsteps drew closer, and the rusty doorlock turned. Expectantly Elizabeth withdrew into the shadows, her heart beating sadly, her palms sweating.

With a magnificent flourish of his cloak he came in. Tall, his eyes gleamed with an unnatural light. His face was a place of strength and battlewounds.

For a moment there was static hesitation. Then, crying "Vernon, Gordon my love!" she threw herself in his arms and he swept her off to bed.

Afterwards they walked along the beach and thought great thoughts playing them as scenes or alighting them as poems. Together, they shared the last of their days with joy. Days which were growing to a final, tragic close.

"Gordon?" Elizabeth's brow creased in thought. "What if Robert should discover our secret?"

George Gordon, who sometimes called himself "Byron," passed systematically over the last few drags of his cigarette. At last he smiled slightly. "He won't."

They walked a little further. "You know," Gordon asked, "I thought love all over the world, in all my books, all my poems, in all my life there was nothing as dear to my mind as that golden quest. Yes," he smiled at the corner of his lips, "even Camerona was a seeker after love - in his own fashion." He looked at her for a long moment, lighting another cigarette. "But now - Elizabeth, now I have truly ended my searching."

They fell to the sand and made vows of love as the waves tumbled against the beach. Elizabeth was the first to rise.

"We shall have to get married immediately."

Partively, Byron looked around for his boots. "Why?"

Elizabeth stuttered and looked at her naked body incredulously. "Why?"

Byron caught the battlefishes of Grace with his eyes, and remembered that a man's sight should exceed his grasp. "What about Robert?"

"Woe Robert: don't throw old bones in new games. That's cheating," she smiled mischievously. "Yes, we'll have a wedding and a wedding cake. When shall we invite? Ah, yes, there's the Shallows...you remember Mary?"

Byron's face turned red. He did indeed.

Elizabeth lowered him. "Of course, we must also invite the Byrons, the Gladstones, the Tennysons, and, of course, that charming Mr. Voltaire."

"He's French and dead."

Elizabeth looked delighted. "Why, then, he'll be doubly interesting! ..George, darling, do you have something caught in your throat?"

(Cough) (sneep) "It's nothing." He steadied himself.

"Well, then, when we're through with the wedding, we can go upstairs and have a baby."

Tom looked at her. "We can't have a baby ..Elizabeth."

"George." She grew a bit more adamant than was necessary. "I want a baby."

Tom bent over, scraping up a pile of wet sand with his fingertips.

giving it shape and form. Susan watched, tears streaking her cheeks. After a while it began, vaguely, to resemble a baby.

"I want a baby."

Tom let his eyes study her for a long moment. "Here," he said, lifting the card image carefully. "Take this."

Susan took it, but it crumpled away in her hands.

"Too bad," Tom said flatly. "It's the only one you'll ever get."

Susan cried and Tom hugged her and whispered into her ears the harsh facts about radiation. After a time they fell silent, and then they marched up the beach to the castle. They didn't sleep together that night - the game "Bouncing-Spyon" was over.

III

The stooped and graying head of Beoli Anderson passed to peer out into the kilnward. There was no relief in sight. Behind him trodged Robert Scott, squinting occasionally and turning every foot of the way. Anderson ignored her and glided on.

Off in the distance they heard weird sounds, and felt various thoughts that reverberated with obscure connotations in their minds. Above them loomed the mountain range that had been spoken of in loathsome half-tones, in the dread works of kilnward. Pulling their electro-cloaks closer, they moved hurriedly through the starbolic snow towards the metal shack that loomed ahead through the darkness.

Were through terror than heretofore, Scott was the first through the door this time. To her surprise, she found it unlocked. Yet, inside, the horror was more outsize than ever, and she moved in a dreamlike haze until Tom came through the door.

Susan felt her shoulders being shaken. "Go back to the hover-craft, Susan. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Dejectedly she complied, walking out the door without looking back.

Tom shuffled himself and peered back across the room. There were six bodies, all neatly arranged, in the corner of the room. Piled next to them were the still unopened provisions. In the last days of their radiation sickness they had probably been too weak to move, so they had all congregated together at the end of the room and waited to die. Tom removed a glove and felt the air. Cold. He'd figured as much, their reactor must have failed before they died; that's why their bodies remained so well preserved even though it had been - He tried to recall but could not - years since the war. Being careful not to disturb the bodies, he looked for a log, or notebook, or some sort of record of why they died and when. He found it, and muttered a silent prayer before returning to the ship.

Somewhere over the South Atlantic, Susan asked, "When did they die?"

Tom bit his lip. "Their last log entry was two months ago."



Susan choked back a sob and passed for a second. "Then, they could have been alive a month ago - they could have been alive yesterday. Our parents lived months after they lost the ability to . . . think."

Tom took the draft upwards. "Yes."

"We could have

helped them...I mean, if we had come before, they might have...studied us...and found a way to cure themselves."

"Maybe," You conceded. "Probably not. It's too late now - no one dwelling on it. We didn't know."

"And we didn't bother to find out, either."

"Yes." You's face changed color. "Yes, there's that."



18

Only the creature came alive, and was aware.

From its place of confinement it roared and was fed, and it slipped back into heavy sleep.

The Gladiator stood in the midst of the Colosseum, and the crowd cheered wildly. Then, to the horror of the crowd, the minotaur came forth.

The minotaur was heavily built and gargantuan of shape and form. Its grim, gray hide was scarred and mottled, its iron face bore a heavy ivory mask.

The Gladiator stood proudly as the beast lumbered forth to do battle.

"Yes, please get out of there! You would be killed!"

The Gladiator spotted the Green Faction among the audience, jarring frantically at him. He called backsign and made an obscene gesture at her. The peasant!

The beast charged, and for the briefest second the Gladiator knew fear. After that, only action.

With his shield and trident the Gladiator warded off the first pass, jumping lightly aside and snatching at the creature. The blow no more bothered it than would a man smacking pebbles. With surprising speed for a creature of such lumbering bulk, it moved back around and once again charged.

The Gladiator felt an immediate urge to rub his knees about violently and blood pulsed furiously through his brain.

Again he jumped aside, this time not fast enough. The blow hit his mid-shield, and he recoiled across the stadium onto his back. The crowd screamed, and, caught in the dust and crying, You tried to rise and reach the tribune before the rhinoceros attacked again.

The beast swung in a great circle and swept back upon him. Screaming,

he kept for the trident and swung it up in front of him. The rhinoceros charged itself on the trident, red blood gushing out onto the grey stones. Tom felt the back smash into his side and, crying, Tom dragged the body away.

The rhinoceros moved, too, this time carrying the trident with it as it made the great circuit once more. One more charge would end it, Tom, blood-stained, tried desperately to crawl out of the stadium. Susan ran in to help him despite his bitter shouts for her to stay away. The beast charged, and Tom knew the game was over. That he heard shots ring out as he slipped into the world of darkness.

V

At first, there was only pain. Then, as the world began to whizz by around him, there was dislance and vague comprehension.

From somewhere Tom heard a voice. "He's coming in." Other voices added in agreement.

Tom's eyes cleared, and he saw bending towards him the blond and unshaven face of a man in his mid-forties. Behind him there were others, though their faces were blurred like the paintings of Rembrandt. Tom's thoughts drifted as again he faced into unconsciousness.

A few minutes later Tom jumped up, startled. Cold water ran down his face, and he jumped and spat, trying to catch his breath. He looked up: the blond man was holding a pail.

"Sorry about that," the man began softly. "Necessary, you know. My name's Hastings."

Hastings put forth a hand, but Tom ignored it. "Where's Susan?"

"Here, Tom." Her voice from across the stadium. Hastings and the others stood aside, and Tom saw her standing over the body of the rhinoceros.

"Don't be angry with her now for not being over here," Hastings whispered. "She's been having a bit of a cry, you know, as women will. Where'd you get that thing?" Hastings signified the rhinoceros.

"Archie," Tom muttered. "Flew it in for the game. Thanks for shooting when you did: things were getting kind of out of hand."

"So it seems," Hastings smiled. "If this is the type of game you two play, it's a wonder you've stayed alive as long as you have." Hastings considered him. "Susan tells me you two had an accident when you were children. That the way of it?"

Tom nodded.

"Figures, you know. All of us," his hand swept over the group. "survived pretty much the same way: details were different, but generalities just about the same. Well, I'm not being too polite, am I? Like I said before, I'm Hastings, and the rest of them - well, you'll meet them as you go along. We're taking you back to the village for proper medical care - that's a bad side wound you've got, and you may have burst up a few ribs as well."

"The village?"

"The village, now. But someday it'll be a great city - or so we hope, right, boys?" They nodded. "Anyway, it ain't much, but it's a start. Friends? Help the gentleman up, please? Come along now and meet the women."

And so they went, laughing, talking, hobnobbing their way back to a new civilization, a new beginning.

VI

Now, as they called it, was a huge corner house on the outskirts of Foss, just far enough from the city to escape the worst doses of radiation.

This was not so much for the adults of the community. Four men and three women, who were immune to the radioactivity, as for the two babies of the colony. Whether or not these would prove like their parents in this matter was a point of conjecture, so they all agreed that safety was the best policy. Supposedly the government was democratic actually. Hastings, with the Austrian Briegal as his "muscle," was the dictator. Yet this was not a sore point in the small community. Everyone seemed willing to accept things as they were. Before Hastings had become "President," the little village had been a place of shame, jealousy, and murder. Now, at least, there was order.

Hastings, being a politician, knew well enough not to force Tom and Susan into the harsh realities of communal living too quickly. Rather, he eased them into it, making them accept the realities one after another, with great acts of encouragement and kind persuasion. Although there were many arguments, and a good deal of hard feelings felt on both sides, Tom and Susan did begin to fit in. If it had not been for Burrell's one remark, things might have just continued to go along.

They were seated at dinner that night, and Hastings was inordinately proud at being able to serve the first loaf of bread baked from their own, blue-green wheat. Everyone applauded as the bread was served, and each member in his turn ripped off a piece and ate it.

It was then the remark was made.

Susan cried out and ran. The women looked embarrassed. Hastings told Burrell to shut up. Various of the men rose to defend Burrell's way of doing, too, had felt the same thoughts about Susan, and according to the Colony Constitution they had a social duty to act upon those feelings. Soon a fight broke out and Hastings, in an attempt to regain order, told Tom to leave the room.

After that came chaos. Fighting went on throughout the halls of the main house, and a shot was heard. Both of them frightened, Tom and Susan tried to flee from the place, only to find Briegal guarding their door. Briegal explained to them, in broken English, that he was protecting them from the others. He refused to let them go. Tom considered forcing his way through, even if he couldn't escape, Susan would be able to slip past while he kept Briegal busy. Somehow, Briegal sensed what he was thinking and, according, told them that Hastings had been shot trying to protect Susan. Any attempt by them to escape would only make it worse for Hastings who, though wounded, was still trying to regain control. Tom and Susan returned to their room.

The violence and shouting ceased around one A.M. Two hours later, Hastings appeared.

His smile was gone. Tom noticed the rough bandage wrapped bloodily around his arm. Hastings' face was lined and creased. Puffy, Tom thought, he'd never noticed those lines before. Then Hastings sat down, welcoming for them to do the same. He made his speech short.

"I think you know, by now, the purpose of our journey. Basically we're here to propagate and repopulate the Earth. Of course, there are other things - but this purpose must always be foremost in our minds. In other times, your youth would excuse you from partaking in this duty, but here no such social prescriptions can hold.

"I meant to break these things to you slowly. Now, by vote of the council, I must inform you that Susan is to sleep with Sister tonight, and you're to go to Joan."

Hastings turned to leave.

"Wait!" Tom cried. "If it's babies you want, we could produce one for you. You don't have -"

"You two have been living together for two years, and Susan's still not pregnant. Obviously one of you, or both, is sterile due to the radiation. It's nothing to be ashamed of," his face winced, "I am speak. But now we have to find out which of you is sterile and which, if either, is

net, I've watched you both with curious profaneness, and we shall soon see."

Tom ran up and tried to break through the door. Hastings hit him with the back of his hand, sending him sprawling across the room. "I'm sorry, Tom. I didn't want it this way, but that's how it has to be. Humanity must survive, and we must all do our best. Jean and Hector are expecting you - don't keep them waiting."

Hastings walked out, then popped his head back in. "A friendly warning: don't try to escape. Everyone here is waiting for it; you're sure to be caught. Don't be foolish. After tonight there are many who are just itching for an excuse to give you two a good drubbing."

Tom held Susan tightly as Hastings left. They parted. For a moment, they considered their situation. Then, they each grabbed a few pieces of clothing and, followed by Kruegel, silently walked hand in hand toward their new lovers' rooms.

VII

Tom saw little of Susan over the next few months. The colonists (for so they called themselves) made a concerted effort to keep them apart. Although still officially President, Hastings no longer chaired the little group. Instead, he grew taciturn and uncommunicative, withdrawing more each day from the group. Still, when it came his turn with Susan he did not close the door.

The fall passed, and with its passing came the winter and the planting of winter crops. Shovel reservoirs lay quiet everywhere, yet they grew their own crops. Self-sufficiency was their upward, and, they hoped, their legacy to their children.

Occasionally, Tom and Susan would get a chance to talk, though talk between them was forbidden. Then, in the few brief seconds they had, they would speak to each other of plans of escape; plans they both knew were futile.

Nevertheless, they tried, and were caught. Tom watched silently as Susan suffered a public beating at the hands of Jean, who resented her hold over Tom greatly. Even Harrel joined the outcry for Jean to stop, as scarlet streaks and welts appeared on Susan's back.

For Tom, attempted escape brought a more collected punishment. He-strung on a tripod, he had to wait three days in the hot sun before they cut him down. Then, immediately, they drove him out into the fields to work. Dry, tired, hungry, humiliated, he wanted to die. Yelling loudly at times, he cursed all mankind and all their pretensions. They stopped him silent. After that, he learned to use indifference as a cover for an active mind. He would live; he would go on. And he would have Susan.

After two months Jean became pregnant. As a "reward," Tom asked to be allowed to spend a night with Susan. Despite protests, the committee granted his request. That was their mistake.

VIII

Caught in a fury of nightmare shapes and sounds, the forest stood under the light of the full moon, suspended in space and time. Two months had passed, and with it three thousand years.

Electra: "Is mother dead?"

Orion: "Yes.
In jets of blood her body lies;
Shattered like clouds,
No movement does her corpse emit.
It is well-
And of angiotensin?"

Electra: "He suffers the same malady



For power hath overturned his brain
 And left thought of goodness in it,
 Now blood cleanses all.
 What shall be the fate of the others?"

Orestes: "I walk a cliff-edge of evil, and evil will I do."

The temple at Argos glimmered in the moonlight. Two came and left, and between that their knives fell and rose again, blood red, seven times in all. Silent as priests they left the scene, finding they hover-craft where they'd left it when they first came with Hastings and his band.

Taking off, they soared into the dawn. For a while, Susan cried at the sight of Hedges' blood, which left a harsh stain on her hands. But she washed, and an old world passed away. Guilt pursued them for half a month, but they had many virtues - and guilt soon passed away. Like the forces of Nature, they had come fresh and innocent to a new world. And finding that world sick and morbid, they purged it clean again.

One day, on a hillside in the Alps, they fell to thinking about it, and Sue, after a long moment's thoughts, turned to Susan.

"That was a fine quest."

Susan considered it. After a pause, she smiled and agreed.

"But I know a better one."

And so they made love on the fresh spring grass, and then descended from dark hill down. All had passed, and all had come. They were beginning and end.



WHY ME?

STORY AND ART:
WILLIAM McCLELL

INKING BY
ALEX ARNOLD

JOE! BOB! I
HAVE THE EXTRA
POWER BOOSTER,
RECHARGED AND READY
TO GO...



I CAN'T HELP YOU WITH
OUT FALLING IN MY-
SELF!



I CAN'T REACH
THE BOOSTER,
EITHER!



I'LL SHOOT THEM
AND PUT 'EM OUT
OF THEIR MINDS!



IT'S OVER!
MIGHT AS WELL
GO DOWN WITH
THE SHIP!



SHIP'S SINK-
ING FASTER!
ONLY A MINUTE
LEFT!



SUDDENLY
JOE REALIZED
THAT WHAT
HE WAS SINK-
ING IN WAS
A SPACE
WARP! A
SPACE WARP
TO EARTH!

The Opposite of Time

BY DAN OSTERMAN

1945



The opposite of time? What a question! You don't know what the answer to that is. I'm really ashamed of you, you know.

Gordon, of Southeast Tarryton, saw what he first thought was a barn. In any other session this would not be of any consequence since this was farming country anyway, but this barn was different. It glowed with a red light that hurt his eyes. He rubbed his palms hard into his sockets and when he looked up again the glow made him afraid it was so bright and iridescent. But the source was not the barn that had been there just moments before.

Shielding his eyes with his arm, Gordon got closer to the thing that he at one time thought was a barn. But it was not. It was a wonder and an upside down cup, albeit much larger than those Gordon was used to. Then he was 3 yards away he saw the cup rise up as if on some sort of hinge and a little man with his head out from the rim of the saucer.

"Where am I, good sir?"

Gordon was quick to reply, not even having time to be surprised at the little man's courteous title. "Just outside of Southeast Tarryton," he said.

"Oh," the little Chartreuse head bowed, "thank you."

And as quick as he was to poke his head out to ask the question he had brought his head back inside the saucer and the cup was slowly coming down over it.

"Wait a minute!" yelled Gordon.

The cup stopped. "How curious," Gordon could hear the voice saying inside the saucer. "How curious indeed."

Chartreuse head and arms perched holding one another up on the very rim of the saucer. The little man asked, "What did you say?"

Gordon swallowed hard and spoke in a low and slightly scared voice, "Wait a minute."

"Pardon...how curious indeed, indeed," The little eyes blinked, closed and looked off into space, then quickly back down to Gordon.

"What is 'minute'?"

"A minute is something I wanted you to wait for, and now that you have may I ask what this all is?" Gordon stood with arms folded tightly across his chest.

"Yes, yes...but first things first." The little chartreuse man stood up and said, "A minute is something I've waited for...how curious. Then that something has to be the barn, because without the barn as its

official state I cannot leave in my flying saucer." She was looked satisfied with his answer. Gordon was perplexed. How did we get from "wait a minute" to the barn and the flying saucer? He would have to think a bit on that one.

Overtrouses saw Gordon's confusion and asked with patience, "Don't you understand?" Saying that he did not, he went on trying to explain. "To be here at all I must use up the space that something else takes up otherwise. In this case it is the barn."

Gordon got up off the ground. "I think I understand. But where is the barn?"

The little overtrouses was smiled. "Rather than go through explaining where I make my home, I will simply say that the barn is there and will be here as long as I am here. Thank you for your hospitality; in some places they don't like overtrouses."



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH O'DONN LARSEN'S IN HIS NEVER-ENDING QUEST FOR A FAST PACE

"I see by balling that food fandon is coming into its own," observed young, idealistic fannish publisher O'Don Larnsen, thereby inducing an enthusiastic yawn in Common-of-the-Forth-who-drinks-from-the-Old-Sipper. The cat further demonstrated his approval with a few well-chosen looks of facial fanning - a truly fannish animal, that cat - and rolled over on his back to resume the more serious business of sleeping.

"What are you babbling about?" called his wife, who should have known better than to ask, from the kitchen.

"Food fandon," he repeated, taking his way to the kitchen to steal a bite of chili. "You see, all these people go to Joyce and Ardis Kern's place to stuff themselves with piles of spaghetti and other fattening stuff, and they hold contests to see who can eat the most."

"That's gross."

"No, it's all in the spirit of good, clean, fannish fun. Why, food fandon is the next big fannish step."

"Where when are you so interested in fannish-type activity?" asked said wife, snatching the spoon from O'Don's hand.

"Well, we seem to get fannish since almost every day, and hardly anyone publishes fan fiction anymore --"

"Do you want to put out a fannish sine line instead?"

"I don't know. All fannish since tend to look alike after a while. I'd like to do something different in fannish terms."

"A food fannish," she decided, accepting the chili. "Needs more chili powder."

"Ah, Marigold!" cried the aforementioned young, idealistic fannish publisher. "You have just inspired me with the title for my new fannish!"

"More chili powder?"

"No," he beamed. "We'll call it Spice and Shyness."

NOW TO DEAL WITH YOU!

fanzine reviews by Charles T. Selig

This time around there are a couple of small but interesting subzines which you might be interested in getting. One of these is a one-sheet called KISSOFF* (and I hope you heard me right, not I wouldn't want someone to ask for "Kissoff") from editor Gary Matthews, 287 Margaret Hall, Madison, Kansas 66501. There is no price mentioned, but I imagine you can get a copy with an SNAK (tell 'em Charles sent you) for not only a copy, but it'll make me feel SICK!!). Gary really isn't much to say about the things; it's a mishmash of news and views such as how of books being written, etc., etc. A short time with no regular printing schedule, but well worth the stamp. By the way, you might ask Gary about his fanzine ADDICTION KISSOFF. The first ish--very nice--came out last year, and #2 should make an appearance soon.

Another "slapdash-a-fanzine" has crawled forth from the bowels of Texas. You've heard of the dust bowl, right? Well, one of the local movements is the Cayland Variable IF Club, from which springs STABLEY #8 (from Stephen Vance, Box 4836, College Station, Texas 77843). A nice little whatever that has some mainly of Texas fandom, but its fun to read and which has several pages of letters commenting on a wide variety of items. A single copy you 12 pages of effortlessness. Of interest to us really seems to be the paragraph discussing a Dallas-Mexican feud over who gets to host the regional con; this hostility may have been a major factor in the startling collapse of the Big D in '79 Worldcon did last summer.

William Wagner (44 Briarcliff Road, Shandaken, Pa. 18086) will send you a copy of ALPHA AND OMEGA (I'm tempted to call it "The Head and the Butt") #3 for \$1/500, 4/81, or the usual centric. A very well put-together since issue of 40+ pages, with the only flaw being terribly reproduced art. For brevity, I'll only tell you here that it has fiction by Janet Fox and Carol Black, fan reviews by Cy Chavira and Bob DeMello, and articles by Carroll Schweitzer and a new name to fandom, Harry Wagner Jr. (probably never heard). Also, the usual book news, letters, and editorial. As I said, it's very well done and interesting throughout, especially Carroll Schweitzer's attack on Hal's "War of the Worlds" file, which Carroll doesn't feel follows the book closely enough. Schweitzer is wrong, of course, but that's my opinion. Pay the price and form your own. I had some contact with #6, see Bill's ad in this issue--BT.

One final note this time around. Gordon Linsner told me that I can write a fan review column, implying regular appearances in ZET. I'd be happy if you'd send me copies of your zines for review, and I just want to let you know that I'll trade you copies of my zine (ISSUES!!), as you won't be losing too much. A deal? Plus, of course, you get a copy of the issue of ZET you're reviewed in. Meanwhile, why not tell G.L. how about this was, ah?

Address: 6228 Front Street, Brainerd, Minnesota 56401.

*Kansas State Science Fiction and Fantasy Organization, for you fast leavers out there.

THE SENSUOUS ISAAC ASIMOV

interviewed by Robert Finn

- Q. Who is the second best science fiction writer in the world?
A. I am. According to the Clarke-Asimov treaty, as he calls it, or the Asimov-Clarke treaty, I am bound to say that Arthur Clark is the best science fiction writer in the world. I am second. He has to say that I am the best science writer in the world and he is second. And I always adhere to this treaty.
- Q. What is the value of writing science books for the layman?
A. Well, the value is I help. I help do my bit towards educating youngsters. I sometimes get them interested enough in science to want to go into it. And sometimes I even help people who are studying science. They have to read my books so they can understand their textbooks.
- Q. What is the most important quality for a sensuous dirty old man to have?
A. Interest in girls.
Q. What is the first thing a prospective sensuous dirty old man must learn?
A. He should learn that it makes girls happy for him to be a sensuous dirty old man.
- Q. Do you think there should be more Renaissance men, men who are proficient in more fields, in the world today, such as you?
A. Yes, there should be, but it takes a lot of talent. There should always be room for a few guys who are generalists.
- Q. What do you think about the fact that more students are enrolled in astrology courses than in astronomy courses?
A. Well, the answer to that is that, as always, throughout history, there are more jerks than real people.
- Q. A Professor Kalzenberg has said that we are at the limit of our knowledge of nuclear science. Would you agree or disagree?
A. Every once in a while some scientist, usually elderly, says that, and often the very same scientist in his youth helped advance science greatly when other scientists, who were then old, were saying that this is as far as we can go.
- Q. Which do you think is better, basic research or applied research?
A. Both have their place. That's like saying which is more important in a deck of cards, the ace of spades or the ace of hearts.
- Q. Do you think the government should control science, or should scientists control science?
A. Well, I don't think we should talk about "control." What we are questioning is whether science should be guided by law or by good sense. I think science should be guided by good sense. To pass rigid laws will never suit the case.
- Q. Which do you think are your best science fiction novels and short stories?
A. My best science fiction novel is *The Gods Themselves*, which appeared in "Galaxy" and is now available in book form from Doubleday. My best short story, everybody tells me, is "Nightfall." But I like, better than "Nightfall," "The Ugly Little Boy" and "The Last Question."

*Printed courtesy of THE CAMBRIDGE CASSETTE



- Q. At a lecture several weeks ago you advocated world government. What are some of your reasons for this, and what do you think are the prospects for achieving world government soon?
- A. All the important problems that face mankind today are worldwide in nature. No one country can deal with them. Countries must cooperate and deal with them in common. I think the prospects are not too bright, nevertheless, we still need it, and if we don't get it, we'll be in trouble.
- Q. What do you feel about the large unemployment among scientists and other Ph.D.'s?
- A. That is one of the many shortcomings of this administration.
- Q. What else do you feel about this administration?
- A. Well, I believe that this administration is possibly the most stupid that we have ever had.
- Q. Speaking as a layman or a scientist?
- A. Speaking as a human being.
- Q. How has your science fiction changed over the years?
- A. Well, the critics complain that it hasn't. They say that of all the outstanding science fiction writers, I have changed the least. In other words, if they read a story I wrote 25 years ago, and a story I write today, they don't detect any development whatsoever and they think this is pretty bad of me. I think that what actually happened was that when I first started, I got the idea of how to write well, and I haven't seen any reason to change it.
- Q. Most people feel that the most promising field in science today is the study of physics. Would you agree?
- A. I would say the most promising area is the study of the brain. The most important unsolved problems are in the directions of neurochemistry and neurophysiology and neuropsychology.
- Q. What do you think of the idea of anthropomorphism? Do you think what aliens will be shaped as we are?
- A. No, I don't think so. The reason this is done on television is that most of the actors are shaped as we are.



BOOK REVIEW: BLIZZARD by R.W. Marshallworth,
Ballantine Books, 71¢

This is a strangely obtuse novel which has some extremely effective word-paintings of environment but little else to recommend it. The environment is a world of ice and snow, Earth during a period when some future Ice Age has just begun to wane. Some of the passages describing the icy mountains and tundras compare favorably with similar evocations of environment in, for example, Mike McCarthy's The Ice Sculptor or Ursula K. LeGuin's The Left Hand of Darkness. In Blizzard, unfortunately, neither the characters, nor the plot, nor the theme, remotely approach the same standard of effectiveness.

One difficulty is the vagueness and fuzziness of much of what occurs, almost as if the entire story were unfolding in a series, behind the blizzard that opens chapter two. There are several natural phenomena--the Walrus, a killing blue mist, something called a White Out, and a valley of optical illusion--which the author makes not even the most cursory attempt to explain. There are two human factions, one of which constituted the rulers and the other the ruled before the cold descended, but beyond this told fact nothing is revealed of the socio-political state of affairs. And Marshallworth has an irritating tendency to reduce humanistic dialogue with emotional undercurrents, like a TV soap opera in which a character saying "Pass the salt" is occasion for a dramatic appeal on the accompanying drama. When you do manage to penetrate the blizzard and find the story, you discover that there's a worthwhile medium-sized short story hidden somewhere in this novel.

Buy it if you want a 183-page medium-sized short story with a believable Ice World background.

--Ted Peala

Film Review: ALMOST, BUT ON BEAST
(A Rainbow Adventure Film; approx time 20 mins.)

The Bigfoot, sometimes referred to as Sasquatch, films made news when the February 1968 issue of ALMOST featured a series of stills from a startling film. The 16mm film sequence was taken by Roger Patterson in October of the previous year in the wilderness northwest of Berkeley, California, and showed a large, black-haired creature looking very much like a gorilla to the untrained eye. This clip forms the fantastic climax to ALMOST, BUT ON BEAST.

The film begins with a glimpse of one of several camps set up by people in the area with hopes of finding indisputable evidence of the creature, especially a live capture. It is a slow start for a film since little is established except that a considerable number of people believe in the creature's existence firmly enough to spend a large amount of time and money in the search.

But the documentary quickly moves on, to what I consider one of the most hair-raising (literally!) sequences on film. A couple is interviewed who not very long ago heard loud screams outside their home, among the stands of pine. After a brief explanation from the couple, describing the event, we are given an approximation of the action while the camera pans the undergrowth outside the house: believe me, the hair-raisingly unknown grunts are not something to which about alone in the dark hearing these sounds and viewing the wild landscape, one is very nearly compelled to leave his seat in the theatre, so strange is the experience. I, who have seen innumerable horror films and read widelycolored fiction and UFO books, find my hearties rising even as I write these words. I cannot urge you strongly enough to view the film, if only for an experience you'll not soon forget!

The Patterson film is something every person fascinated by the unknown should see. This clip follows in the documentary, and the viewer is given ample chance to study it as it is run through several times, stopped at points of interest, and shown in slow motion.

Patterson and a friend named Stalin were riding horseback through the remote, virtually unpopulated area on October 26th when the horses suddenly reared, nearly throwing the two off. Patterson, who was waiting for just such a chance, saw immediately what had caused the animals' reaction. He grabbed his 16mm camera, leaped off his horse, and gave chase. What you actually see is first a shuffling of tracks as Patterson is running; then he stops and aims the camera and there before your very eyes is the elusive Bigfoot, walking calmly away. It slows, turns briefly to look at the camera, and then fades into the tangled growth. The film, according to reports in the aforementioned ABC/20/20 article, was examined by various scientifically-trained people including not only anthropologists and zoologists, but the Underwood Studios special effects department, who stated that fading, while possible, would involve new methods and a huge outlay of money (\$2 million is the figure mentioned).



FROM A SKETCH DRAWN BY THE
REPORT SUBJECTS AT DENVERED
BY BERT FOSTER, C. GARDEN
LONDON
NOTICE THE FACE SIMILAR TO
MURDERER AND THE HEAD

I have in front of me the 20th issue of a 'zine' titled 'The Bigfoot Bulletin,' dated 31 August 1973, from a Bigfoot watcher, George Hays of Oakland. In it is an account which gives a rough indication of what one can expect in our 'civilized' Northwest:

"At about 8:30 p.m. [San, 1970--C75] Ben and Richard got out of the car and started up the trail hoping to get another glimpse of the creature, but they saw nothing. Meanwhile, back at the camp, Sharon was still sitting in the car. Glancing over to the right, she saw a creature approaching rapidly. Apparently spotting her, it stopped about 15 feet away. When she tried to start the car the creature fled back into the woods. Ben and Richard, on hearing the sounds of the car starting, ran down toward it, but the creature was gone when they arrived. [If this sounds lame, imagine yourself alone, thirty feet away from a black-haired, 5 foot, 400 pound humanoid--C75].

"At approximately 10:30 Sharon got into the car while Ben and Richard stretched out in their sleeping bags near the fire. At about 4:30 a.m. Sharon was awakened by three or four loud thuds or footfalls, and on looking out saw the dark form of something standing about a foot from the car. The creature reached across the wide hood of the car and flipped the car radio antenna, on which Ben's shirt was hanging. It then walked away into the darkness...


Ben is Ben E. Foster Jr., Sharon is Sharon Gordon, and Richard is 13-year-old Richard Foster, all of Red Bluff, California. The above account is severely edited due to space limitations, but I think a point is proved: somewhere in the treeless Northwest California forests may exist a lone private, or [cont. on page 27]

LOOK OF FEARFUL SUBJECT IN PATTERSON
FILM NOTICE THE PADDING THE HAND,
AUGMENTATION OF HAND AND
OLD WORLD APPL. ADD
SEEN IN A PATTERN
SHOWN, AND THE
BODY IS TENSE,
THIN A CIRCULAR
NOTED AS
WHILE THE
UPPER
[PAGE]



searching for the fantastic

Robert Weinberg



It is hard to believe, but H. Rider Haggard can be considered a "lost" master of fantasy. While it is true that most fans of the fantastic and high adventure story are familiar with Haggard's name because of The and King Solomon's Mines, they do not realize that H.R.H. was the author of more than fifty books in the same field. I'd like to discuss and recommend some that might interest the average fantasy fan.

Scheduled for appearance within the year from the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series is The World's Desire by Haggard and his long time friend, Andrew Lang. The novel is a continuation of the saga of Ulysses. In the story, Ulysses travels to Egypt, where he meets Helen of Troy. The hero is embroiled in a series of intrigues with various political factions, and there is fighting to satisfy the most bloodthirsty Greek fan. Fantastic elements are scattered throughout the story, with a major character being The Snake that tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. It is a major work of fantasy, and no collector should be without it.

Eric Brightfellow is a work of the Vikings, and eagle is treated as if it were throughout the novel. Haggard wrote his story in the vein of the typical Viking legend, and there is plenty of eagle, swordplay, and terrible witchcraft. The fighting in Eric is also typical Viking style, with men dying left and right. It is a powerful tale of betrayal and revenge, and stands as one of Haggard's finest works.

The lost race story was one of Haggard's specialties, and a number of his best stories dealt with lost civilizations. Queen Sheba's Ring and The People of the Mist deal with lost lands in the wilds of Africa. In Quest of the World, the hero finds a lost city of the Aztecs in the midst of a Central American jungle. When the World Began combines the notion of a lost civilization with the words of the survivors of an older race of mankind trying to destroy all of present civilization.

Another theme of Haggard's was the biblical event treated as straight fact. Moos of Israel is a powerful fantasy about the Exodus, and Salahassar deals with the fall of Babylon and the Handwriting on the Wall.

Even Haggard's straight historical adventure and jungle novels contain strong fantastic elements. The Allan Quartermain stories have more than their share of weird witch doctors with fantastic powers. Idol, the Wizard, the "thing-that-should-never-have-been-born," is definitely one of the major characters in fantastic fiction, and if you have never encountered him, your experience in the fantasy field is sorely lacking (Try the trilogy Merlin, Child of Storm, and Finished).

Haggard has rarely been reprinted in paperback. Lin Carter promises one Haggard a year from Ballantine, starting with The World's Desire, then When the World Began, and after that Red Ann. However, most good book dealers have reprint editions of Haggard books available for low prices. I have nearly forty novels in my own collection, and I have never paid more than \$1.00 (and these were new editions) for any one book. Try Haggard. You'll be pleasantly surprised.

Darrell Schweitzer's

LOW POINT

X

He is fond of paradoxes, tongue-in-cheek literary games, and the fantastic. His curious, low-key stories abound in labyrinths, symbols, and inversions of what seems the natural order of things. He views the universe as infinite and incomprehensible, and writes strange fables about the surreal creeping into everyday life as if the two are inseparable. He has been compared favorably with everyone from Lovecraft to Kafka. Perhaps the only person ever to write science fiction for *SEN TENSEN*, and already the subject of numerous scholarly works, he may very well be the world's most prominent fantasy writer in the eyes of the critical establishment.

His name? Jorge Luis Borges. My guess is that half of you have never heard of him; that half again have never read him. Of the remaining 25%, you've probably not seen more than one or two stories in SF anthologies. You've heard the name thrown around, but know little of the man and his work.

Borges is an Argentine Jew, born in 1899. He never talks about himself, but apparently had a very bookish childhood. He grew up with a very cosmopolitan view of things, and as a result doesn't write as one would expect a South American writer to. He sounds more like a European, maybe a French (but Borges pointed out himself that when people think of an Argentine writer, they think of the superficial breeziness which he real Argentines would loathe with. As an analogy, he points out that the *Koran* contains no mention of camels, and is therefore unquestionably an Arabic book. Arabs take camels for granted, but an outsider trying to sound Arabic would have a camel on every page. The same goes for Borges). He is exceedingly well read in world literature, so tracking down his roots is rather difficult. He does have a background in classical SF and fantasy, having read *Romney, Wells*, and numerous others. The key to all his work, however, is *Don Quixote*, with its conflicts between appearance and reality.

As I said, he likes paradoxes, and it is through them that he has just about invented a new literary form. Nothing could be more in character for him than the writing of a short story which isn't really a short story at all - as an essay is. One critic (Martin Armstrong, *Jorge Luis Borges*) called it "essayistic fiction," but I think "fictional essay" is a better term. As the term implies, much of Borges' work is a hybrid between the two forms. Generally, one thinks of a story as the narration of events, but a Borges story is merely a statement of condition. Many appear too weirdly to be merely essays, dealing with fictitious and often outright fantastic subjects, but they are more than that. They are comparable to the "non-fact" articles that used to appear in *Galaxy*, but not quite, although they are written in a journalistic manner, you realize you're dealing with fiction.

"The Approach to al-Mu'tasib" is presented in the form of a book review, but of a nonexistent volume by a nonexistent author. To make it sound more convincing, and perhaps to tease the reader, Borges has liberally sprinkled in the names of real publishers and authors. It might take considerable research to sort the thing out completely.

None of Borges' works seem to be in synopsis form, so without this

"review" one encounters a synopsis of the work being reviewed, and within that a spiritual allegory dealing with a mysterious god figure who wanders among mankind, perhaps searching for his god. Borges is indulging in his favorite writer-within-a-writer approach. In this very short piece we are given a critical essay, which contains a story, which contains an allegory, which then circles back to a criticism of the allegory as too obvious. The author is always abstracting himself, writing about himself from another's viewpoint (see the parable, "Borges and I"), and now suspects Borges of standing straight and saying, "This review is about a book which doesn't exist, and merely serves to meet the fact that I never intend to write the story herein discussed." The irony of it all is that he just did write it. The story in "Approach" is as complete as it'll ever be.

He may choose to utilize the fictional essay for humorous purposes, since there is no better way to present the absurd than in serious and scholarly terms (this in itself isn't new - see the famous Thalesianist article). "Pierre Menard, Author of the Quixote" tells of a contemporary author who writes Don Quixote. He did not copy it from Cervantes, but arrived at it independently, working from his own feelings and experiences. This is a work of colossal proportions. Says Borges:

To compose the Quixote at the beginning of the seventeenth century was a reasonable undertaking, necessary and perhaps unavoidable; at the beginning of the twentieth, it is almost impossible.

Thus we are presented with an erudite essay, studded with scholarly references, telling how the Quixote was written by Menard in the twentieth century, and how the Menard work, although word for word the same, is infinitely more subtle.

Here along the lines of classical fantasy is "Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius." This is one of the stories that brings on the comparisons to Lovecraft (Cedric Belfrage mentions it in "The Return of the Lizard," in Tales of the Strange Mystery), as it contains all sorts of hints of a vast, unseen world, great powers and civilizations right under our noses that we have no means to perceive.

Again it is esemplastic, but more like a short story than his other works. We are told how Borges and his friend, Ray Gonsales, came to know of the semi-mythical land of Uqbar. As the story progresses, an almost Fortean sense of "the world not what it seems" sprouts up, until a couple of years later the narrator comes across the 24th volume of the Compendium of Tlön, which describes another seemingly imaginary world. Tlön, however, becomes more and more real until, finally, objects from it begin to appear in the "real" world. In the course of the story-essay there is also much discussion of the literature of Tlön and a lot of literary in-joking, some of which is self-caricature.

Is this a short story? It lacks unity of expression and a cohesive plot, but it creates an imaginary experience. As I said, a Borges story is often more a statement of condition than a narrative.

He has done more conventional works, however, and perhaps the best and most famous of these is "The Circular Ruins." This is a dream fantasy in many ways reminiscent of Lord Dunsany. Written in a style that is (for Borges) remarkably lyrical, it tells of the "silent man" whose sole purpose in life is to dream another person into existence. When he finally awakens, and dream and reality become one, a great forest fire burns out of the distance, engulfing the ruined jungle temple in which the story takes place. As the dreamer is peacefully consumed he realizes that he, too, is a mere fabrication, dreamt by another. This is another glimpse of Bergsonian infinity: a man brought into existence by a dreamer who, in turn, is dreamt by someone else, who is most likely also dreamt by yet another, and so on.

Structurally, this is not a typical Borges story. For there is no esemplastic content whatever. He uses a vivid, rich style of imagery to draw the reader right into the place, and it is continually as well as intellectually involving. Borges doesn't want to write the way any more, which is a shame, because he could have written untold masterpieces if he continued.



Perhaps the best of his "typical" stories is "The Library of Babel." This again contains little real narrative, with much of the "plot" implied rather than stated. It comes rather close to being real science fiction, as it presents a whole new view of the universe. The setting is an infinite library, described in great detail by one of its inhabitants. In a few short pages, the culture and way of life of the librarians is presented. Their goal in life is to find a meaning to the universe (the library and the universe being interchangeable here - the allegory should be obvious). Consistent with Borges' world-view, the search is hopeless from the start, but still they sustain themselves by their attempts to piece something together from the literally infinite combinations of words and letters in the books of the library (everything that has been written, will be written, could possibly be written, plus every combination and permutation of characters, letters, numbers, and words, is found in the library!). Gradually the library comes to be regarded as the work of a god, and the author tells of barbarous rites where the books are actually worshipped. The seemingly futile quest of the librarians continues in spite of this, given purpose by the hope that someday a book will be found which provides a key to all the others (Don Quixote, anyone?).

In a very quiet and unassuming manner, Borges has presented one of the most lucid concepts ever spawned in fiction. By means of compression and economy, and leaving much to the reader (do not recommend Borges to a dull-witted reader), he has accomplished in seven pages what a lesser writer would require seventy far, if he could do it at all.

"The Immortal" (not to be confused with another tale, "The Immortal") is out and out science fiction, dealing with a scientist who places the

brains of old people in artificial environments, wherein they might live forever. Like most Borges, it is a statement of conviction. The rational protagonist does nothing but observe and have things happen to him. He in no way influences the outcome or brings to an end the conditions related. Also typically Borges, the story starts out deceptively, discussing a work of fiction by another author (imaginary?) dealing with a similar idea. It is, however, in no way underdeveloped. It is a genuine legitimate science fiction story.

Borges doesn't like to be classified. You'd think that the last thing he'd write, being so documentary and cerebral, is a detective story; but, in his typically paradoxical way of doing things, he has written several.

"The Garden of Forking Paths" concerns a Chinese working as a spy for the Germans during the first World War. Unable to convey to his superiors certain information about a city that is to be attacked, he kills a man named Albert, since that is also the name of the city. In this way, German intelligence gets the information it needs from the British newspapers. All this time there is a British agent on the spy's trail, and he is captured immediately after the murder.

Of course, there's a lot more to it than that. Foremost is a metaphysical speculation on the nature of time, dealing with the concept of a forking time stream as dear to American SF writers, which allows for all possibilities and brings individuals together in strange ways. The story itself is an example of this, as the predetermination of time has caused this Chinese to risk his life for a people utterly foreign to him, and it is only through a case of mistaken identity that he is able to get into Albert's house at all.

"Death and the Compass" is another mystery, involving mystical signs, ancient and obscure books, and such things, to compare with Lovecraft and his occultism business.

So what do we have here with this Borges? Perhaps the profoundest thing about him is his realization that the universe is made up of paradoxes and labyrinths (defined as "a structure compounded to confuse men," which could be anything, including a featureless and empty desert, as in "The Two Kings and Their Labyrinths") and what Borges calls "mirrors," which "reverse the consciousness of the world" and often reflect it in reverse, so that one extreme moves into another: the fantastic becomes real, and the real fantastic.

The stories are full of these strange reversals. "The Story of the Warrior and the Captive" is really two stories, one dealing with a barbarian who turns on his fellows and then defending the city he intended to sack, and the other with a civilized woman who finds happiness among the savage Indians of South America. A man who abhors violence becomes master of a concentration camp in "Deutsches Requiem;" a traitor in "The Theme of the Traitor and the Hero" redeems himself by allowing his comrades to kill him.

In "Sale of the Two Brethren," a man in Cairo dresses that fortune will come to him in a distant city and travels there, only to be accused of robbery and dealt with harshly, while the jailer has dreamed that in the man's garden in Cairo there is a great tree of money buried. This turns out to be the fact. Again the normal and the expected is stood on end.

All of Borges' work centers on the fantastic, whether it is a story of a completely alien world, or the past, or dreams, or the situation of a Jew in the hands of the Moslems. There is always a sense of otherworldliness, as if anything can happen (it often does). Some are fantastic in word and imagery, while others are in content, but they all have one theme in common: the world is not simple and orderly. Reason paradoxes lie everywhere. The universe is chaos if you really look at it.

Borges is a wonderful thing for our field to have. If there are any barriers to the acceptance of SF and fantasy yet to be torn down, Borges will do it from the inside. Besides the brilliance of his work, his most important effect on the field is that he asked the new wave writers of a few years ago to look silly. If you want to pull the rug out from whatever remains of that movement, throw Borges around. His stories are only

was appearing in English, but he was essentially writing new wave fiction, that could easily have been done by J.D. Salinger for NEW WAVE, thirty some years ago. As for his being respectable, I have a sinking suspicion he might very well be the first college fiction writer to win the Nobel Prize in literature. Can't get much more respectable than that.

The irony is that so many writers have tried to throw off the modern SF tradition and cut back to the roots, making all sorts of noise as they did, while Borges has been there all along. They often went out as stylistic imitations, with varying degrees of success.

His greatest experience, though, is simply that he is Borges. It's always good to have a genius in one's camp.

Librarybooks, or How To Get Borges

The easiest book to buy for an introduction is Labyrinths (New Directions Paperback, \$1.95). It contains all but three items from Ficciones (Grove Press, \$2.49) and costs less, in addition to including about 100 more material. It also contains a large selection of essays, and the brief narrative from El Aleph (University of Texas Press). Not only do you get a side cross-section of Borges' work, but a hefty chunk of it. Collectors will be glad to know that the book is on high quality paper and bound with string signatures, so it's a permanent addition to your collection. Labyrinths may be hard to find, so check your local college-affiliated bookstore, or buy it from Richard Wither.

Second best is The Aleph (Dutton, \$7.95) (Grove, \$1.98), which contains mostly material not included in Labyrinths (most notably the title story and "The Immortals").

Also Borges continues to appear regularly in various slick magazines. Some recent appearances, not collected into books, include:

"A Reader" (poem) MAPPER'S Dec 1970
"The Unwinking Friend" MAPPER'S Jan 1971
"Don Quixote, Implausible Reporter" MAPPER'S Oct 1971
"Exile" NEW YORKER Feb 10, 1971
"Juan Manuel" NEW YORKER Mar 27, 1971
"The Congress" NEW YORKER Nov 8, 1971
"Twice Told Tales" NEW YORKER Jan 1, 1972

Two good books on Borges: Juan Luis Borges by Martin G. Stone, Twayne Publishers, 1970
The Borges Era by Harold J. Christ, New York University Press, 1969

There is also a book length interview with Borges available.

REPTILES, NEW OR BRIGHT continued from page 21

sub-species, heretofore undiscovered by science and possibly unique from any other species on Earth. Evidence encompasses not only sightings from hundreds of individuals dating back a century or more, but films, photographs, and footprint casts. A team? One which would have to involve not only the locals who report these sightings, but the cooperation of police, scientists, Indians, journalists, and other experts (such as the film makers)? Could such a team be maintained for more than a century, without the process breaking out and exposing it?

Until the capture of a Bigfoot, or the highly unlikely exposure of the sightings, the file described above is probably the closest you'll ever get to experiencing a Bigfoot sighting. And now, revealing an even vintaging, it's almost TOO close.

--S T.Smith



smoke signals of
the mind.
Dan





From the 1970s to the 1980s, the
the world was a different place



OPEN ORBIT

Lynn A. Rickman
413 Ottawa
Wesley, Ohio 43087

Space and Time #14 came today. I was especially impressed by the fine artwork of Mark Galeotte. The cover by Supperware was also excellent.

Written material was good to fair. Tell Weinberg that Fancos Fantastic Mysteries reprinted E. Charles Vivian and he should have mentioned it.

[Feb. FPM reprinted Vivian...you should have mentioned it.]

Ed Keady
1000 N. Grant Avenue
Springfield, Missouri 65803

Space and Time is really getting good. I loved the Mark Galeotte illustrations for your story. Printing is getting better all the time. Thanks munda for phasing Beals.

[Ed sent me a copy of Beals #4 with his letter, and I turned about forty shades of green. I strongly advise getting a copy of #3, advertised somewhere else in this issue.]

David C. Smith
910 Seacrest Lane
Edward, Ohio 44429

Received SPACE & TIME #14 today and read it at one sitting. I found it a really entertaining issue. Your own The Race of the Bear-King was really well-written, well-paced at all. The only thing that bothered me was Karen's rather sudden change of character at the time of Bernard's death. Perhaps in earlier stories of the series his character was depicted as being as changeable as that; this is the first of them I've read. But it seemed to lack adequate buildup and didn't seem quite explained by Shalim's remarks to Carige on p.28, i.e., that Karen is becoming more aware of his worthless heritage, and more callous. His tricks at the wall of Malheur depict his worthless tendencies, but not his reaction(s) to it, and not the type of reaction he takes upon the violent and gruesome death of his old master. Not an overwhelming criticism, perhaps, and certainly not so in the light of the rest of the well-handled story; but then, criticisms are usually justified and welcomed, if well-intentioned. (**)

Mark Galeotte's A Bride of the Darkness was an interesting little vignette, and what was he said of his illustrations to Bear-King but that they are splendid, excellent, and a joy to behold? (**)

[(**) Actually, I'm glad you brought that up. Somewhere in the back of my mind is the idea that society is a great power, requiring great maturity to handle. A vast majority of people, particularly in a world a society world, just don't have that maturity, which would explain why so many characters are villainous. Since Karen spent a lot of time in previous stories pulling and screaming about how rotten Malfer was, obviously his emotional maturity is somewhat lacking. But I've never clearly defined this point before, and I'll try to work it into the next (and, incidentally, final) chapter of this series, which I'm currently working on. (**) Well, I've got this big old Thesaurus...]

Harry Morris, Jr.
100 Wallingway, S.E.
Albuquerque, N.M. 87102

Space and Time #'s 13 & 14
arrived in good order some
time ago, and I'm sorry I've
not sent off a note of thanks

before now.

"The Harvest of Monsters" issue was a wonder all around,
and as everyone remarked, Mark Tolotte's cover was just
perfect for the theme...a superb piece of atmosphere art!
 Likewise high points of the issue were Bob Weinberg's
interesting continuation of his Morgan Smith series with
"They Drink Blood" (and, of course, the excellent Tolotte
art accompanying it) and Harvell Schweitzer's important
discussion of "The King in Yellow" in his column. (*)



Your 12th issue, too, asked for very interesting reading - both in
fiction and departments. I really didn't care for the cover, though -
even if it was done by a pro. Tolotte's cover on #13 really sets the
tone for said issue, which the current cover certainly doesn't do. Dan
Caterman's back cover was far better. Of course, the high point of this
issue was your own very well written "Bum of the Dwarf King" with, again,
Mark Tolotte's outstanding illustrations. Really, a very fast moving,
action packed tale. ...one of the best amateur sci stories I've come across.

Mainly, Gordon, I'm writing here about the double appearance of
George Laking's "The Wall" in Space & Time and Harbinger (**). It appears
we both published the poem at almost the same time - Edward F. Berglund
informing me of the appearance in HAT just after he received his copy of
HAT. I don't feel the blame should fall directly on Laking, or anyone.
Really, I didn't receive the poem from him directly; rather it was given
to me by Bob Vardeman, who couldn't see it in Harbinger. I didn't have
Laking's address at the time but, ironically, this was supplied by Laking
himself (with a request for HAT) just before #1 was to go to press. I
hastily asked his permission to use "The Wall," which he gave...just as
time for its appearance in #1. It could be that Mr. Laking - upon receiving
such an abrupt and unexpected request - forgot he submitted it to HAT
after Vardeman had turned it down. In any event, I did receive a letter
from Laking shortly after its appearance in HAT #1, apologizing for the
seemingly double submission, with the explanation that his files were
disorganized after a recent move. (***)

Anyway, the double appearance seems to have gone unnoticed by most,
surprisingly. Only Ed Berglund and Bob Weinberg seem to mind as pointing
out the appearance in Space and Time to me.

[1] Another Monster issue should be forthcoming, possibly #19 or
#20. And I've got a new Morgan Smith story tentatively scheduled for #14.
(**) Harbinger is, of course, Harry's own very fine fanzine, devoted to
the horror field and well worth you a copy. (***) Well, in that case, I
see George Laking a very big apology. I suppose if I'd been told about the
double submission before sending it, by anyone, I'd have acted more

rationally. As I've stated before,
it's not the idea of the double
submission itself--I certainly don't
consider HAT, or any other fanzine,
an unethical competition--but the
lack of courtesy involved in not
telling one or both of us. George,
1 of all people as aware of the
disorganization caused by moving.
It's probably why you didn't answer
my letter, if indeed you even received
it. I'd be more than happy to look
at any future submissions you might
have (in spite of all this, I still
felt "The Wall" was a damn good poem,
and I'm proud to have published it),
if it pleases you.

I apologize publicly because I
made my submissions publicly, and
because several other readers (Garyl



Winstead and Charlie T. Smith, notably; also, felt I was a little too harsh. OK, I admit it....I'm a workaholic. "Friends?"

Barrell Schenker
113 Deepdale Road
Stratford, Pa. 19087

"None of the Sword King" was by far the best serious thing you've ever written. It actually works as a story, and is interesting in the point where I didn't have to push myself thro

it. This means you have a basic storytelling ability which can go far, if refined. However, there is much refining to do. For one thing, you must decide what is to go on in your plot and stick to it, weeding out the irrelevant episodes. That scene wherein Koran goes to the city and escapes thru a spell really accomplishes nothing. (")

I suppose the worse aspect of the story is your dialogue. You use too many modern expressions (a sword & sorcery hero should never say "ain't," for example). Of course, dialogue is one of the biggest problems in the because you're caught between the need to get away from everyday vocabulary to make it sound like something from another time and place, and the danger of getting tangled in your own lefty language. But this will never do. (**)

The other most serious problem in the is world creating. More than any other form, the hero, who has a set frame of reference, it's worse than the western, even. This story, like so many others, takes place in what I would call The Sword & Sorcery World. All are indistinguishable. (***)

Also with you'd watch your names. You should never use the name of a person from mythology unless you want to draw a parallel to said person. You have a thief apprentice named Archon. Archon was a woman who thought she could weave better than the gods and was changed into a spider. No excuse for you to have a character, especially a male one, with the name Archon.

Barrandy is a nice, and (I think) a less or maybe a province in France. This, too, is inappropriate for a character name. (****)

The Weikensm is too superficial to be anything but a shop-



REB
1961



per's guide. I think if he must keep up this way he should air it at the second hand book collector. (*****) You'd be surprised at what is available. I've been collecting the Ballantine Adult Fantasy series in hardcover, and have 25 of them so far.

Interesting comment on Chambers. I suspect that Chambers was a novelist, not a short story writer, which would explain the low quality of his stories. Not as for his fantasies being the worse, the non-fantasy stories in King were of a much lower grade.

By the way, there is a curious thing about Kaster. In the Flash play, Kaster is a place, not a person or monster. There are three cities in the play: Kaster and Alar, which have been warring for years, and Carcosa, which is the mode of the King in Yellow. The main characters are the King, the Pallid Monk, Ugho, Casside, Cassilda, Tuala, Postulha, and the Stranger (secret of the King in Yellow). There is no being or person named Kaster and there is no mention of such in the Chambers book (Chambers is too vague to say who or what most of his proper names are). So this misinterpretation must have originated with Lovecraft.

There is no Kaster...

[The remainder of this letter, which was delivered at midnight by a messenger in black who muttered something about blasphemy, is unreadable as it was apparently salvaged from some great blaze, leaving only charred remains. However,...

[*] Not far from that story, but for the series as a whole. See my reply to David Smith. (**) Now likely is a far-off time and place to have a language resembling high-sounding English? However, the world where Korian lives has only recently achieved a degree of civilization, and the

vocabulary of the common man (i.e., the typical one here) is not likely to be overreductive. So I merely translate the vernacular of that world into the vernacular of this. I think it makes my characters sound more natural. Maybe I'm wrong? (****) Again, this story is part of a series...I'm relying on past & future stories to fill in the background, a piece at a time. It's much more effective than throwing it at the reader all at once. (****) I accept your judgement of arabian. It was a minor character, so I used the first name I thought of. But Burgundy is not only an effective name, it's a perfectly logical one. In a world where chess plays such a vital part in the social life of the inhabitants, what could be a more natural name? (*****) I thought he was.)

Kirk DeLette
4001 Richmond Lane
Seabrook, Texas 77586

Before anything else, I have to give you a very energetic pat on the back for SAF II. My gosh is that a good looking effort. Layout, layout, everything was perfect.

You are right about the heavier stock making a difference in the cover. In the earlier tab it was necessary for pages, but now that it is incorporated into the spine itself it breaks away the cover from the interior pages. In pre-411 issues the pages were all of the same quality paper, tending to make the whole thing appear, well, Finnish. The way it is now is a step toward appearing more pro.

Anyway, my gride and joy (the Horan illness) came out absolutely unbelieveable. They were exactly the way I had pictured them to be. As editor you did a great job of presenting them.

Frank Frolick wrote contributing most large full page illness. This way is getting fantastic. I wrote the same encouragement but never got a reply. I don't know if you have any large pieces by him but he gets better the larger he goes. A recent memorial on Lovecraft, called LI, has some work of his as a portfolio type of thing that is very striking--the best I've seen. Get something you can use as a cover. Believe me, he is good!!!

[He never said that done. This issue's wrap-around is a Frolick.]

Al Swensler
7 Meadow Street Apt. C
Terryville, Conn. 06786

Hi. Hmm. Not as nice as I, I think. Not enough Frolick. 'cept for your one long story.

Cover was okay, kind of sketchy. I've never seen Alan's pro stuff. He looks rather good.

Rule of the Dwarf King--a major effort, eh, Gurdy? All in all quite readable and enjoyable, saved only by the fact that it is sort of a continued story. Calveria's illness were superb, match, especially pages 5, 9, and 17. Something to be proud of, as I'm sure both of you are.

Your story was easy to follow, even without having read the previous installments. Liked the way the two were stuck in. Couldn't say if the consistent thief was really necessary, he contributed little if anything to the thievery and had no dialogue necessary to the plot. (+)

Wids of Darkness was predictable and trite. Sorry, Mark...

Art throughout was exceptional, specially good ol' Dan O.'s stuff. He never seems to amuse and amuse me. Looking forward to his portfolio. (**)

[**] His death allowed Burgundy to escape with the race. Otherwise, the underhanded would easily have done it alone, but breaking into a dwarf-king's castle isn't supposed to be easy. (**) And was.]

Charles T. Smith
6218 Penn Street
Bealwood, Miss. 39201

Tell me, do you have the whole Horan story written? (+) It's obviously a novel-length story. In fact, the 18 page story he did could no doubt be a novel-length story already. Can't say that I appreciate you leaving us poor saps up in the air like this, like a serial chapter, but I enjoyed the story. And Calveria's disease sure added a lot to it.



Only one of the drawings could be considered less than great (p.3) and this was only because Mark went just a bit overboard in crosshatching a background to lessen contrast. But all of them were high points in fan-art illustrating.

Notice how I gently got off the subject of your story. This is because I enjoyed it and haven't really think of any good or bad comments worth mentioning. For example, I could mention that it was a fraction slower than it could have been; the best part in the sense of best written was the section detailing the actual start of the race and the attack of that damn thing(s). [**] The rest of the story was much better than the average fan effort, but it seemed to me to drag just a bit. Maybe it's because she is so difficult to write interestingly these days, what with the market as gloated.

And Darrell Schweitzer finally did a decent article. I mean, you know how I write in and complain that he overwrites on a subject, going on and on about something of questionable interest. But his review of *Blazing* was really well done. I remember the review in the prologue a while back, and if I remember correctly all of them came down pretty hard on the novel. Darrell, with his kudos for the tale, was a different and interesting viewpoint. It was well paced for the usual Schweitzer article, said something of value, and I'm pleased to have read it.

Mark Salento's short-short was wildly interesting; I'd like to see more work from him. But the piece suffered a bit from predictability. Perhaps a collaboration with yourself, Gordon? [***]

Warner's article was a good one to include, and I'm glad it'll be a regular column. I'd never previously heard of G.D. Green, and I'll probably be going back to this article in the future for reference. It was very complete, giving a sort of checklist of his work in the US, addresses and prices for current work available, etc. [very useful]. [****]

Your answer to Les J. Murray's letter concerning synopsis vs. long

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PROCAUTIONEL
Carroll Schmittner
123 Campbell Road
Stratford, Pa. 19087

SEAL #1, reproduced on 4x11 slick paper, features a color cover by
Carroll Schmittner; a short sf story by Jan Bernad, an 8-page portfolio by
Anderson; a Disney-style comic strip, "The Salesman," by Doug Petter and
are Brown; art by Gurnak, Kelso, Weiss, Kade, Kirk; a strip and color
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Look out, world! Here comes UNCLE COMEON'S COMICS AND STORIES #1,
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Carroll Schmittner, and a lot of other people who don't know is yet. 20
off-size offset pages for 30¢, available in July from Gordon Lissner.

review made me pick up my ears. I think it is only fair to mention as early since as possible in a review column, but you don't want to merely describe the table of contents; that's no fun.

I greet your news of an Osterman portfolio every ink with a little apprehension. Some of his drawings are pretty good, but some seem downright clumsy and have little or no point. Sometimes it looks as if he's been cutting up his sketches and handing out the pieces. [****]

The Dery Frelich drawing was exceptional. Very well balanced with an interesting interplay of lines and shading. And the Rogers drawing at the end would be interesting to write a story about.

[*] Alana. Flare it for #20 or #23. [**] It had better be-- that was the hardest section to write. [***] Hmm. [****]Except for one thing--see Lynn Niska's letter. Otherwise I agree completely. Bob's column is quite a worthy addition to J&J. [*****] Part of my reasoning in establishing this regular portfolio feature, aside from helping to replace a vast amount of Sam's work that I'm building up, is the theory that, given this regular showcase, Sam will be spending more time and producing better stuff. Some of his work is very high quality, and I'm hoping he'll be inspired to keep that level of quality. /

In SPACE & TIME #16:



"The Root" by Douglas Derek Howe (illustrated by Dery Frelich)
"The Last Weapon" by John Deegan (illustrated by Gordon Matthews)
"Shore of the World" comic strip by Charles T. Smith
Cover by Ed Rosero
Plus the usual columns and a few surprises